Went through the armie cheering vp the ſouldiers.
King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe. Is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe, Looke

Looke on my forces wi
Put in their hands thy b
That they may cruſh d
The vſurping helmets
Make vs thy miniſters o
That we may praiſe the
To thee I do commend
Ere I let fall the windo
Sleeping and waking, o
Enter the ghoſt of p
Ghoſt to. K. Ri. Let m
Thinke how thou ſtabd
At Teukesbury: diſpa
To Rich. Be cheereful
Of butchred Princes fi
King Henries iſſue Ric
Enter the
Gho. to K. Ri. When I
By thee was punched f
Thinke on the Tower
Harrie the ſixt bids the
To Rich. Vertuous a
Harrie that propheſied
Doth comfort thee in
Enter th
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heaui
I that was waſht to dea
Poore Clarence by th
To morrow in the bat
And fall thy edgeleſſe
To Rich. Thou offſp
The wronged heires o
Good Angels guard t
Enter the Ghoa
Riu. Let me ſit heau
Riuers that died at Po
Gray. Thinke vpon
Vaugh. Thinke vpo
Let fall thy launce, diſp

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34